



Harry William Hays

. . . our Guest Speaker, the City of Calgary's Chief Magistrate, was born at Carstairs, Alberta, on Christmas Day, 1909, the second of eight children of Dr. and Mrs. T. E. Hays.

The Hays family came to Calgary when Harry was at an early age, and settled in farm country south of Turner Siding. In recent years the city has expanded to surround the Hays' farmhouse, which still stands in this section of Calgary known as Haysboro.

Agriculture, as a country farmer and business man, has been the main interest of Harry Hays for the greater part of his life, and he is one of the best known purebred livestock auctioneers in Canada. Entering politics in the civic field, he became Mayor of Calgary in October, 1959.

In addition to being a member of the Council of the Chamber of Commerce of Calgary, Harry is a past president of the Rotary Club of Calgary, and past president and director of many livestock associations.

Whoop-ee-e !!

It's Our Night to H O W L L L

Thirty-First Annual
OLD TIME RANGE MEN'S DINNER



Tuesday, July 10th, 1962

GRUB WILL BE SERVED AT 6:30 P.M.

Jack Fraine of the C.P.R. will be captain of the Round-Up.

All Reps Assemble at the Water Hole, near The Chuckwagon at 6:00 p.m. to see the irrigatin' system installed for the occasion. Be there!

The Host

CANADIAN PACIFIC

HOTEL PALLISER

CALGARY, ALBERTA



Geo. Lane, Mrs. Chas. Russell, A. J. McLean, Pat Burns, Chas. Russell and A. E. Cross at the 1912 Stampede.

"Fifty Golden Years" — 1912-1962

Fifty golden years ago a young American cowboy, vaudeville showman, roper, Guy Weadick came to Calgary with an idea—an idea that has made Calgary and Western Canada known world-wide—an idea that has produced the Greatest Outdoor Show on earth. Year after year the Calgary Stampede becomes more famous, the crowds bursting the seemingly unlimited capacity of this growing thriving city of 282,000 folk.

Tonight the Old Time Rangemen are once again the guests of Canadian Pacific officials, and Mr. Jim Cross, enjoying their annual Round-Up.

What memories the old cow pokes Billy Henry, Douglas Hardwick, Mac Higgins, Clem Gardner, Norman Grier, and countless others assembled here must have! Men fortunate to have had the privilege of living fifty years and more in Western Canada — men who have had the opportunity of being a living part of the ranching history of Southern Alberta. Many here tonight are of the second generation of cattle men, proud of the heritage they received from Pioneer Fathers and Mothers — for these men and women met the Frontier with an abiding faith in the justice and wisdom of God, with courage, humor and tolerance, and so laid the foundation of our Western civilization. Let those who follow to raise the superstructure heed and ponder these virtues.

How would you like to go with me down memory lane and remember Calgary 50 years ago?

Calgary in 1912, just 37 years removed from that August day the Red Coats with their white helmets founded, named and built Fort Calgary — on the streets of 1912 Calgary trod many former N.W.M. Police, missionaries, fur traders, cattlemen, growing with the city of 65,000 people. Compared

to today's Calgary the city of 1912 didn't cover too much territory. The residential districts had just started to develop. Elbow Park was fairly settled, the Belt Line, West Lower Mt. Royal and Sunalta were stretching out, upper Altadore boasted 20 houses, Prospect Avenue had 16, Colbourne Crescent 3, Hope Street 3, while 9 houses were on Hillcrest Avenue. Out south Mt. Royal way, the R. G. Robinson Chipman Rancho still ran cattle. Hillhurst was developing and in 1912 Crescent Heights and Mt. Pleasant had been subdivided and houses started. Rosedale Crescent had 8 houses built on the brow of the hill overlooking the city. Centre Street North was a meandering road, wandering up the hill.

Downtown, the Sarcee Indians daily camped behind sign boards where the T. Eaton Co. stands today. West on Eighth Avenue stood a few warehouses, one the Canadian Fairbanks Morse building. In 1912 the Hudson's Bay's new store was under construction, across the street the Herald building (now the Greyhound building) was being completed, to be opened in the fall. On the corner where today stands the present Herald building, Dr. Lafferty lived and had his office. A block west stood the Ranchmen's Club.

Construction had started on the Palliser Hotel (George Ruttle, with us this evening, had completed the excavation of the basement using team and Fresno scrapers) and steel was slowly rising.

In 1912 Calgary school population was 7,385 with a teaching staff of 146 teachers. Today the schools handle 51,504 and employ 1,908 teachers.

The General Hospital, a 140-bed institution, had been opened and the Holy Cross accommodated 150 patients.



"Fifty Years Later." Calgary in 1962.

The city mill rate stood at 10 mills in 1912. Johnnie Mitchell was the mayor.

The Hudson Bay Co., Dan Cashman and Tommy Burns (the heavyweight champion of the world) sold men's suits at \$14.50, shirts for 95 cents, and the liquor stores had whiskey for \$1.25 (long before the government heyday).

The stockyards in 1912 handled 17,550 cattle and calves; in 1961 — 344,698.

For amusement Calgarians of 1912 had plenty of variety. The Western Canada Professional Baseball League was in full swing. Two well-known Calgarians were ball players—Messrs. Andy Baxter and Fred Lepper. The Sherman Rink on 17th Ave. and Centre St. S. took care of hockey and skating; Mr. Lloyd Turner was in charge. Lloyd, if you ask him will tell you "it couldn't have been me, must have been my father." His friend and ours, Mr. Josh Henthorn, announced the 1912 Stampede (without benefit of loud speakers). This very afternoon, July 10, 1962, Josh is still on the job with his leaking suitcase—in 1912 it was called a valise. The Orpheum and Pantages vaudeville circuits were in full swing, the Sherman Grand Theatre handled the legitimate stage plays. Harry Lauder made many annual "farewell" appearances.

To the young people and those not so young, Calgary in 1912 had the "Plaza"—a dance cabaret in the basement of the Lougheed Building, a nightly attraction. I remember Club House Sandwiches and a drink cost 50 cents. For a couple of dollars a fellow and his girl could put in the whole evening.

Across the street from the Lougheed Building our late friend, Mr. Lon Cavanaugh, had a small auto accessory store, the beginning of the Motor Car Supply Co. On the other corner Mr. Fred Staples was selling 1912 "Baby Grand" Chevrolets. That year, 1912, saw a change in car licences. Up to 1912 a car owner received a licence number from the government, then he had to go to a hardware, purchase aluminum house numbers, take them to Riley & McCormick's or the Great West Saddlery, where the numbers were riveted to a leather tag.

But in 1912 metal plates were issued to the few car owners in Alberta. Progress.

In 1912 motor cavalcades were organized to make the hazardous trip to Banff, an all-day affair. When you arrived in Banff you parked your car until you were ready to come home. Cars scared the Banff horses. Billy Brewster, here tonight, might tell you how the Brewster Transport arranged such a deal with Park authorities.

In a little office in the Cameron Block on 8th Avenue East one could find Bob Edwards working, periodically, on the next issue of the now famous Eye Opener. Mr. I. V. Parslow, a prominent Pioneer son, waited for Saturday, the day of issue, when as a Boy Scout he sold the Eye Opener in the Royal Hotel.

In the early days of September, 1912, after months of preparation, the first Stampede was held. The Herald of that day tells how everybody, who was neither in the hospitals or jail, saw the parade. The attendance for the 1912 Stampede was 99,443. In Victoria Park bleachers circled the entire race track, the small covered grandstand was on the north side looking into the sun. Newspaper ads and copy in 1912 claimed the Stampede would bring fame to Calgary and Canada. History repeats then as now. A few crank letters appeared in the press, but the show has gone on and on these many years.

Such was the city of 1912. Such was the spirit of the men of that day, especially the four, so affectionately known today as the Big Four, Senator Patrick Burns, the Hon. A. J. McLean, Mr. Geo. Lane of the Bar U and Mr. A. E. Cross, founder of the A7. The faith and financial support of these men developed Guy Weadick's idea. Calgarians, Southern Albertans and Canadians thrill to the "idea" of the Calgary Stampede.

Good luck and good riding to you, my Pioneer Ranching friends. Hope to see you all next Stampede Tuesday at the same old Watering Hole.

LEISHMAN McNEILL, Hon. Secretary.
The Southern Alberta Pioneers & Old Timers Assn.

GRUB PILE

Antipasto Cocktail

Ox-Tail Soup

Braised Beef

Peas

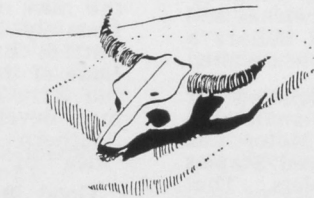
Mashed Carrots

Mashed Potatoes

Prunes and Custard

Johnny Cake

Coffee



A Cowboy's Prayer

By *Badger Clark*

Oh Lord, I've never lived where churches grow.
I love creation better as it stood
That day You finished it so long ago
And looked upon Your work and called it good.
I know that others find You in the light
That's sifted down through tinted window panes,
And yet I seem to feel you near tonight
In this dim, quiet starlight on the plains.

I thank You, Lord, that I am placed so well,
That You have made my freedom so complete;
That I'm no slave of whistle, clock or bell,
Nor weak-eyed prisoner of wall and street.
Just live me live my life as I've begun
And give me work that's open to the sky;
Make me a pardner of the wind and sun,
And I won't ask a life that's soft or high.

Let me be easy on the man that's down;
Let me be square and generous with all.
I'm careless sometimes, Lord, when I'm in town,
But never let 'em say I'm mean or small!
Make me as big and open as the plains,
As honest as the hoss between my knees,
Clean as the wind that blows behind the rains,
Free as the hawk that circles down the breeze!

Forgive me, Lord, if sometimes I forget.
You know about the reasons that are hid.
You understand the things that gall and fret;
You know me better than my mother did.
Just keep an eye on all that's done and said
And right me, sometimes, when I turn aside,
And guide me on the long, dim trail ahead
That stretches upward toward the Great Divide.

From *Sun and Saddle Leather*.

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